If I know how or which way to order these affayres,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never beleeue mee: both are my kinsemen;
T'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend: t'other againe,
Is my Kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doe: come Cosin,
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barckly:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke, & Queene: manent Bushie and Greene.

Bush. The Wind sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie, is all vnpossible.

Greene. Besides, our nearenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering Commons; for their loue
Lies in their Purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue been neere the King.

Greene. Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you goe along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that nere shall meete againe.

Bush. Thats as Yorke thriues to beat backe Bullingbrook.

Greene. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

Bush.

Line 29 to pieces.

Bush. Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford: Northumberland.

Bull. How farre is it my Lord to Barckly now?

North. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger in Glocestershire,
These high wild hils and rough vneuen wayes,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweete and delectable:
But I bethinke me what a weary way,
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse and processe of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefite that I possesse,
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope inioyed: by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.

Bul. Of much lesse value is my company,
Then your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Persie.

North. It is my sonne, yong Harry Persie,
Sent from my brother Worcester whencesoeuer:
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?

H.Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his

North. Why? is he not with the Queene?

H.Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the C
Broken his staffe of office, and dispersd
The household of the King.

North. What was his reason? he was not so resolu
When last we spake together.

H.Per. Because your Lordship was proclaimed tra
But he my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Herford,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,

Line 6 stranger here in — 17 whic
35 your Lo. 36 my Lo. 37 Hereso